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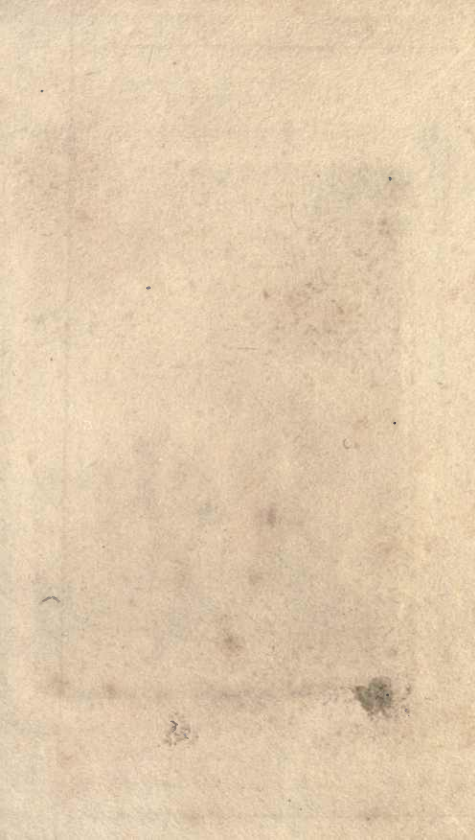
Anna Mary McNamee

25th August 1841

aged 5 Years

Died 4th January 1842

35-





*Not a single boy was on the Green.
He looked up & saw the minute hand
of the great clock at a quarter to ten"*

SIMPLE TALES,

ON

EVERY-DAY SUBJECTS.

LONDON :

HARVEY AND DARTON,

GRACECHURCH STREET.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following little Tales by no means intends to insinuate that they are all founded upon facts, though many of the incidents recorded have passed under her own eye, or that of her immediate friends.

Her great aim has been to prove that punctuality and industry are indispensably necessary, if we mean to secure ourselves against numberless disappointments and difficulties, and to succeed in any undertaking; that the most brilliant talents, unless accompanied by good-humour and kindness, will fail to secure affection; and that, whilst we are bound to employ those abilities that Providence has bestowed on us, it is equally our duty to cultivate benevolent and amiable dispositions.

CHAPTER

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 incidents recorded have passed under her
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 ourselves

SIMPLE TALES, &c.

“A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.”

“IT is so tiresome of nurse,” said Eliza Benson to her sister Mary Ann—“it is so very tiresome to be always repeating to me that silly old proverb, ‘A stitch in time saves nine.’”

“What does she wish you to do now?” enquired Mary Ann.

“What I shall not stay to humour her in,” said Eliza. “Look, Mary Ann, it is only this little piece of my frock that is unrun, and nurse wants me to

stay and mend it. No one besides herself would have discovered it, and I see no reason why I should be detained, for such nonsense, from my favourite game of hide-and-seek, that George and Ellen are just going to begin."

"Nor I neither," answered Mary Ann; "we are only waiting for you:" and, full of life and spirits, away they both ran to join their brother and sister.

In the pleasure of the game Eliza soon forgot her vexation, and for some time nothing occurred to interrupt her good-humour or vivacity. It is true that she once stepped her foot on the unripped tuck, and nearly threw herself down; but, putting a pin into it, she said, "Though I have unsewed it a little further, I can mend it to-morrow," and she took her turn to hide. In their father's house was a large unoccupied room: the children had been repeat-

edly told not to go there, as the staircase that led to it was very steep and dark, the only light being derived from the window of an adjoining room, the door of which was shut, and which Eliza dared not open, lest any one should be there. All this, however, the giddy girl disregarded, and heedless of every thing but the pleasure of so effectually hiding herself from the rest, up stairs she began running. She had not proceeded many steps when her foot again caught in the unfortunate tuck, and down she fell. Happily, she was not far from the landing-place, or the consequences might have been fatal. Her cries brought the rest of the children round her. They assisted her to rise, and George, who first found words to speak, began: "Pray do not cry so loud, Eliza: nurse Smith will hear you, and she will never let us play at

hide-and-seek again. How could you ever come this way? you know papa desired us not. How angry he will be when he hears that you have disobeyed him."

"Do not scold her now, George," replied Mary Ann: "we might each have done the same. We are often naughty ourselves, and mamma says we should remember this when we are finding fault with others."

"I am sure you would cry too, George," said Eliza, who had hitherto said nothing, "if your arm smarted as mine does; and see how my nose has bled and stained my frock, and what a large slit I have torn in it. Oh dear! oh dear! what will mamma and nurse say;" and she again began crying.

"I will tell you what you can do," said George, "if you will cease crying. We can get into the back-kitchen un-

seen, and I will pump on your frock, and Mary Ann shall wash it."

This advice was instantly followed. Mary Ann held the frock whilst George pumped; but the stains were so long in coming out, that poor Eliza was nearly wet through before the operation was finished. And how then was it to be dried? for they were afraid of detection if they went to the kitchen fire. In this dilemma George proposed Eliza's walking up and down the little court behind the house; but it was a cloudy evening, and the air was not sufficiently warm to dry the frock rapidly. The little girls continually stroked the frock down.

"It will never dry," said Eliza, mournfully, "and my head aches so badly that I can hardly walk about. And hark! there is the bell ringing for tea. What can we do?"

"Run, my dear Charlotte, for Eliza's

pincloth, said Mary Ann: "we can tie it over her, and the frock will not then be seen by nurse."

"She sees every thing," answered Eliza; "but I should not mind if it were not for the long slit I have torn quite through the tuck:" and again she burst into tears.

"Do not cry, my dear Eliza," said George; "your eyes will betray you."

Eliza dried her tears, and proceeded into the nursery; but her spirits were so entirely gone, and she looked so pale, that nurse Smith more than once expressed her apprehensions that she was unwell.

It was, indeed, with difficulty that Eliza could keep up till bed-time. The damp frock had given her a complete chill: shiverings rapidly came on, and by nine o'clock she was in a high fever. Her unhappiness for her past conduct

increased her illness : she longed to disclose all, but she knew not how to begin. At length, in reply to another enquiry from nurse, her feelings burst through all restraint, and, with many sobs, she related the sad story of her disobedience.

Nurse Smith was extremely angry. “All this comes, Miss Eliza,” she said, when she had undressed her, “from not doing what you were bid. Had you taken my advice—had you only believed what I told you, that ‘a stitch in time saves nine,’ not any thing of this kind would have happened.”

Nurse Smith was an old and very worthy woman. In early life she had known better days. She had afterwards acted in the capacity of lady’s maid to Mrs. Benson before her marriage, and since that event had faithfully fulfilled the duties of nurse to her young family.

She was tenderly attached to the children; but she was a woman of too good sense and principles to permit her to spoil them, or allow their faults to pass unnoticed. Nurse immediately sent to request Mrs. Benson's company in the nursery. But how shall I describe the feelings of the latter, when she heard of Eliza's fault and its sad consequences? "My dear Eliza," said she, going to her bed-side, "you perceive that God never permits sin to pass unpunished, even in this world. You have not only disobeyed me, but you have offended him by breaking the third commandment; and you have made your brother and sisters partakers of your fault, by leading them, from their affection to you, to deceive nurse. If, instead of washing out the frock, and tying the pincloth over it to hide it from her, you had candidly told her what you had done, how much sor-

row and suffering it would have saved both you and me!" Mrs. Benson then called the rest of the children around her; and talked to them of the misconduct they had shown. "You see, my dears," she concluded by saying, "the danger of not guarding against the *first fault*. A slight error often leads to a much greater; and they who think nothing of *trifling faults*, will, in time, *commit serious ones*." She then ordered Eliza some suitable medicine, and left her exceedingly ashamed and contrite.

Poor Eliza suffered extremely for her indiscretion. She was kept in bed for many days; and instead of joining a large party of young people at her grand-mamma's, she was obliged to pass her time in the nursery, and swallow many nauseous draughts.

This incident produced, for a time, a

good effect on Eliza; but I am sorry to say that her temporary improvement soon yielded to her habits of procrastination and love of play. As she came into the parlour one day, her mamma said to her, "Before you sit down to the instrument, Eliza, take this stocking into the nursery: there is a stitch dropped in the knee; if you catch it up immediately, it will save you a large darn."

"Yes, mamma," answered Eliza, and she set off, fully intending to do as her mamma desired. But just as she reached the hall, she met her brother Henry with a favourite little dog. "What are you at?" asked Eliza.

"Teaching Dash to beg," he replied. "Look," he continued, "how cleverly he stands on his hind legs."

"Pretty little creature!" exclaimed Eliza. "Oh! give me a piece of bis-

cuit, Harry," she added eagerly, "and let me try also."

Thus engaged, an hour slipped speedily away, and when the dinner-bell rang, she had not even changed her frock. In her hurry to dress, the stockings her mamma had given her to mend were drawn on. "Mamma will never see it," she said to herself: "I can mend it to-morrow, and it will not be the worse for one day's wear." But the morrow came, and brought with it its various engagements; and thus, through the whole day, the stocking was again worn without being mended.

Mrs. Benson was very desirous of bringing up her children usefully; and as Mary and Eliza were old enough to mend their clothes, she always desired that they might be repaired on the Saturday afternoon. For this purpose the little girls had always a half-holiday;

and as soon as the clothes were finished, they had liberty to join their brothers and sisters at play. Mary Ann had just completed her task when Mrs. Benson entered the room. "My dear," said she, turning to Eliza, "there is a small hole in your stocking, above the shoe: you had better take it off, for nothing looks more untidy in a little girl, who has both the power and the time to keep herself neat. But, Eliza, what a large hole you have in the knee! Why this," she added, examining them, "is the very pair I desired you to mend on Thursday." Eliza coloured very deeply. "Instead of going to play, my dear," continued her mother, "you will now sit still and darn it. Had you obeyed my direction, it would not have occupied you above a minute. I thought experience had taught you, long ere this, that 'a stitch in time saves nine.'

Eliza cried sadly, and begged, this once, to be excused; but her mamma continued firm. "Had it been your first or second fault, I would have overlooked it," answered Mrs. Benson; "but your frequent, nay, daily omissions require that you should suffer punishment. I yet never knew a procrastinator who walked respectably through life—who ever performed her own duties faithfully, or assisted others in the discharge of theirs." Eliza's tears during this speech fell fast upon her work, and rendered it so wet that it was with difficulty she could draw the needle through; and the clock struck eight ere the stocking was finished.

Some months had now elapsed since the circumstances we have recorded had occurred, when, one very fine morning, a carriage stopped at the door, and a

lady, whom she recognised as a Mrs. Wilson, requested the pleasure of Eliza's company to Mrs. Salmon's exhibition of wax-work. "I am sorry," said this lady to Mrs. Benson, who had joined her, "that I have only ten minutes to spare; but I have promised to carry a young friend to Mrs. Salmon's, and as she is to leave town immediately afterwards by the coach, I am obliged to be punctual. If, however, Eliza can equip herself in that time, I have a seat for her in the carriage, and shall be gratified by her company."

This was an exhibition Eliza had long wished to visit, and bursting into the nursery, when she had obtained her mamma's consent, she exclaimed, "Oh! make haste, nurse; pray make haste: Mrs. Wilson can only wait ten minutes, and mamma says that you are to change my frock and stockings, and that I am

to put on my cloth spencer and best bonnet."

Nurse rose, and immediately followed Eliza to her drawers. But *such* drawers—all in confusion, not one thing in order. "Bless me, Miss Eliza," said nurse, "if ever I saw any thing equal to this! It was only on Saturday that I put your clothes in order, and now it is impossible to find a single article. I really believe I must iron this spencer before you can put it on. And not a string in it! Why, I gave you a piece of tape, and desired you to run it in; and the button-hole, if you had only put one stitch in, instead of using a pin, the lining would not have been torn in this manner."

"Oh! never mind, nurse," said Eliza, "I cannot wait for it."

"But you *must* wait, Miss," said nurse; "you cannot go so untidy."

“Oh dear! oh dear!” replied Eliza, “and who can tie my frock? Run, Charlotte,” she continued to her younger sister, “and ask Ann to come, whilst I put on my stockings.”

Charlotte soon returned with the mortifying intelligence that Ann was gone on an errand, but that the cook would come directly she had washed her hands.

“Very well,” said Eliza: “I will go and fetch my gloves. Lend me your needle, nurse,” she said, coming up to the table: “mamma will be so displeased if she sees them unsewed.”

“You will not have time to mend those gloves, Miss,” answered nurse. “Had you minded me when I told you, last week, that ‘a stitch in time saves nine,’ they would not have required two minutes; but now every finger must be mended.”

“Do not tease me again with that silly old proverb,” answered Eliza.

“Silly as it is, Miss, it is true,” replied nurse. “But go, my dear, and look for your other pair. The spencer is just finished.”

Alas! poor Eliza, she knew not where to find the others: all that she recollected of them was, that she had intended to lay them in her drawers; but that Arthur was playing at ball, and knowing that her own was useless, the bran having fallen through a hole in the side that was unripped, she resolved to use her gloves in its place, and having played till she was tired, she had laid them she knew not where.

“Come, pray come, Eliza,” said Charlotte, running to her; “more than ten minutes have elapsed, and Mrs. Wilson says she cannot wait if you are not ready.”

“I will come directly,” answered Eliza, “if I can but get my gloves from under the drawers;” and throwing herself on the floor, she extended her arm to reach them; but her arm was not quite long enough, and as she rose to obtain a stick to assist her, she heard the street-door shut, and the carriage drive away. This was more than Eliza was prepared for, and she burst into tears.

Nurse both pitied her and was vexed with her; but as her fault had ensured its own punishment, she said little to her respecting it, hoping that the correction she had received would effect more than words.

Mrs. Benson came up stairs to her daughter, and, taking her hand, talked affectionately to her on the inconvenience her faults had occasioned her.

Eliza wept bitterly, and promised that she would endeavour to bear her mamma's admonition in mind; and I am happy to say that she did begin to reform, and whenever she felt tempted to procrastinate, or to allow her clothes to become untidy, the remembrance of Mrs. Salmon's exhibition recalled her to a sense of her duty.

THE STORY-TELLER.

“ Lie not in jest, nor in a trifling thing :
’Tis still a lie, and will to greater bring.”

EMMA DAWSON was a very pretty and clever little girl : her temper was good and her disposition obliging. With these natural endowments Emma would have been generally beloved, had it not been for the sad habit she had contracted of telling untruths.

Let not any one of my young readers suppose that this disgraceful propensity was all at once acquired : far from it. Her first step was to equivocate and dissemble ; and as the committal of little

sins generally leads to greater, she, by imperceptible degrees, became a confirmed story-teller.

When Emma was about nine years old, another little girl was passing a few days with her. In the evening, after having wearied themselves with their various games of play, Emma proposed that they should make sugar-candy, by melting a knob in the candle; but as this was an amusement she knew her mamma had prohibited, she determined to pursue it without her leave. No sooner had nurse left the room than Emma and her friend eagerly flew to the table; and so busily were they engaged in melting the sugar, that Mrs. Dawson entered the room unperceived. In a tone of displeasure she instantly enquired of Emma by what means she had obtained the sugar, and how she

ventured to play with the candle after her positive command to the contrary.

“I asked nurse for them, mamma,” replied Emma, blushing.

“I am very much displeased then with nurse,” said her mother, at the same time ringing the bell. “Ann,” she continued to the servant, as she entered the room, “I am both surprised and vexed at finding my confidence in you broken. I have repeatedly desired you to place the candle out of Emma’s reach, when at any time you leave the room; and I not only found her with it on the table, but she and Miss Green melting sugar over it, which you had given them.”

“Miss Emma asked me for sugar, ma’am,” answered Ann, “and I refused her; and as to the candle, she must have taken a chair to reach it from the shelf on which it was placed.”

“What do you say to this?” anxiously enquired her mother. “You told me Ann had given you the sugar.”

“No, mamma, I did not,” replied Emma; “I said I asked her for it.”

Distress, for a moment, at this early proof of her daughter’s dissimulation, kept Mrs. Dawson silent. At length, drawing Emma to her, with many tears she pointed out to her the sad consequences and enormity of her crime: she read to her those passages of the sacred volume that denounce eternal misery on story-tellers; and after explaining to her that the guilt of equivocation was precisely the same as an actual untruth, and giving her to learn Watts’s little hymn on the subject, she left her in much sorrow.

Emma felt very much humbled in being detected, but she was not really penitent; and temptation soon present-

ing itself again, she readily yielded to it. Her father had a very fine tree of plums, that he was anxious to preserve till the arrival of a friend whom he expected from London. As he never wished to deprive Emma of any pleasure, he permitted her to walk in the garden as usual, but desired her not, on any account, to touch the fruit. Emma promised not, and for the first day she kept her word ; but passing, the following morning, by the tempting fruit, she ventured to stand and look at it. From looking she began to wish for one of the plums : her next idea was how to possess herself of it without gathering it. After thinking for a few minutes, she took up a small stick and struck the fruit with it, saying,

“ Oh !, you pretty little plum,
I'll give you a tap and down you'll come :”

and two very fine ones fell to the ground. Without waiting an instant to consider of the fault she had committed, she caught one of them up, and was in the act of eating it, when she saw her papa by her side.

“What have you been doing, Emma?” he said, angrily: “I told you not to gather those plums.”

“I did not gather them, papa,” replied Emma, stammering; “I picked them up.”

“And do you suppose, you naughty girl,” said Mr. Dawson, “that you could deceive God, even if you could hide your fault from me. You were so intent on your crime, that you neither saw nor heard me coming up the walk during the whole act; and however you might suppose yourself unheard, the Almighty heard and recorded your untruth. Deeply as you have wounded

my feelings, you have offended him more." Mr. Dawson then led Emma into the house, talking seriously to her on the evil consequences that would follow such an habitual disregard of truth. He then desired her to remain in the nursery the whole of the day, telling her, that since she could no longer be trusted, he should deprive her of the liberty of running and playing in the garden for the future.

When Emma grew up to be a young woman, she continued the same disgraceful propensity. She once heard some ladies praised for the economy and simple elegance of their dress. Emma had always a high opinion of her own abilities, and she wished to be thought extremely clever on this point also. When any one asked her what she had paid for any article she had on, she always stated it to be under the real

cost ; and when informed that the shopkeepers refused to sell at so low a rate to other ladies, she would reply with a significant nod, that she supposed they had two prices, but they knew she was not to be imposed upon.

When she was about sixteen, her father removed to a distant part of the country ; and as her manners were pleasing, and her unhappy propensity was not generally known, she was, at first, much admired and noticed. Here was a nice opportunity for Emma to redeem her character, but, unfortunately, her love of talking, joined to that of the marvellous, led her speedily into the commission of her old faults. If she heard but part of a tale, she generally contrived to make up the remainder : a whisper or a hint was sufficient foundation for her to build up a complete story.

It was soon found, that wherever Emma came, discord and uneasiness followed: friends became cold and distant to their friends, wives distrusted their husbands, and servants desired to leave those families with whom they had lived happily and contentedly. Day by day developed some new trait of Emma's misrepresentation; and when, at length, it was generally discovered that she was the secret cause of the many troubles that had arisen, her acquaintance rapidly forsook her, and in the midst of a gay and social circle she was alone and deserted.

About this period she lost her father: (her mother had long been dead.) His last breath was employed in supplications for his erring child, and in earnest admonitions that she would consider the error of her ways, and turn, with repentance and fear, from the course she

was pursuing. Emma felt the death of her father keenly, and her first effort, after returning from his funeral, was to throw herself on her knees, and beg of Heaven for mercy, and strength to walk in a different path.

But Emma had much of suffering and sorrow to pass through before her reformation was effected, and a very long period elapsed ere the sincerity of her amendment was believed. By the perfidy of a near relation, to whom her father had entrusted the management of her affairs, Emma, in the course of this year, lost nearly the whole of her property. It was in vain she represented the case to those few individuals whom pity occasionally called round her: they believed it was only some new artifice, to be practised on their credulity, and therefore resisted her entreaties to assist her in the recovery of her fortune. “We

shall be drawn into some unforeseen difficulties," said they: "her statements will, in all probability, alter continually. We will assist her with any little present in our power, but we cannot afford to be duped." One individual, moved by her distress, lent her five pounds; but when the day of payment came, and Emma could not, as she expected, defray the debt, his compassion gave way to the general disbelief of the truth of her tale, and he strenuously insisted upon an immediate settlement. Thus circumstanced, the unfortunate Emma would have given all that she ever possessed for the high privilege of a fair fame—for one friend to be able to step forward and say, "Believe her, for she has ever told the truth." But Emma could not make the appeal to a single individual. She who had prevaricated *in jest*, who had *lied in earnest*, had

now bitterly to deplore her past folly and sin. All that her affectionate parents had urged on her attention recurred with double force, and poverty and agitation brought on a fever that threatened soon to terminate her existence. Her distress reached the ears of the clergyman. With the sympathy of a good man, he supplied her personal wants, and listened with tenderness to the sad story of her past misconduct and present distress. Her contrition, her deep penitence, and her unfeigned self-reproaches, interested him warmly in her behalf. He applied to an eminent attorney, related the circumstances, and laid before him documents that corroborated the statements. Through his influence part of the property was recovered; and a distant relation dying about the same time, Emma was reinstated in nearly her former affluence.

Nor were her sick-bed resolutions forgotten. Watchfulness over her words seemed, ever afterwards, the habit of her mind; and long before Emma died, at an advanced age, she became as exemplary for her love of truth, as she had formerly been notorious for story-telling.

THE SPENDTHRIFT;

OR,

Wilful Waste makes woful Want.

SOPHIA SELWOOD was a thorough spendthrift and slattern. Although her indulgent parents allowed her a handsome sum for pocket-money, she was always poor. Had you seen the number of her pincushions, needle-books, beads, and ribbons, you would have thought that she intended to supply some poor woman with articles to furnish a stand in a bazaar. At every corner of the house you would meet with something belonging to her.

D

“Whose ribbon is crumpled in this way?”

“Sophia’s,” was the general answer.

“Whose spencer is that on the ground?”

“Sophia’s,” was the usual reply.

If you looked into Sophia’s drawers, there you always found things new and old, dirty and clean—gloves paired and unpaired—skeins of silk and cotton tangled in a mass—scattered bits of gauze and muslin—soiled, faded, and new ribbons in a heap—tattered notes of invitation, and “letters of affection cut into squares by the creases worn in them.” It was incredible the money she wasted in this manner.

Sophia was very fond of drawings. But you were afraid to lend her a portfolio to look over: if you did, she generally laid her right hand on her knee, as if it was useless, whilst, with her left

hand she kept turning over the leaves close to the hinges of the binding, to the constant danger of chipping the edges of the stiff paper. If you remonstrated with her, "It is only a portfolio," she said; and she paid no further attention.

Whenever Sophia returned from a walk, she threw her things on as many chairs as happened to be near her. Many a nice shawl was thus trailed on the floor and soon rendered shabby; and as to silk-handkerchiefs and gloves, there was no end to them.

She was once rendered lame for a week, by placing a desk on a chair. In the dark she ran against it and threw it down: it fell on her foot and bruised her sadly.

At table, Sophia's plate might always be distinguished. She was as dainty as she was extravagant; and many a poor

child might have been fed from the bits and scraps she put aside.

When Sophia was about fifteen, her mamma's aunt, a lady of large property, sent for her and her cousin Mary, who was about the same age, and who was the eldest daughter of a large family, stating, that having lost her own children, she intended to adopt that one of the two girls who should give her the greatest satisfaction; or, if both should behave properly, of dividing her fortune between them.

Sophia was highly delighted with the idea of becoming an heiress, as she fancied that she should then have no bounds to her extravagance; and, with many admonitions from her parents, she left home.

Mary had always lived in the country, and, educated by an excellent mother, she was as remarkable for simplicity and

prudence, as Sophia was extravagant and careless. But Mary's prudence sprang from no sordid feeling: she had been taught to regard the woes of others as her own, and had early been told that real charity often involves much self-denial. Her mother could afford to allow her but a small annual sum; but Mary contrived to unite frugality with taste, and whilst she was always strictly neat in her person, she had too much principle to spend either the whole of her time or money upon herself. Kindness and sweetness ever dwelt on the lips of Mary; but her good-humour arose from a very different source to that of Sophia: it was the result of principle, and was, consequently, much more consistent than her cousin's.

Sophia's good-nature often sprang

from mere idleness, and she would comply with any thing she knew to be wrong, rather than trouble herself to refuse. But Mary, when compelled to withhold her assent from any request she could not conscientiously approve, mingled her refusal with so much gentleness, that she invariably secured the respect and regard of her young friends; and to resemble Mary Thompson was always considered a high encomium. Sophia, on the contrary, rarely met with any very flattering proofs of esteem. Her companions pitied her errors as much as they endeavoured to avoid her faults; and, with the exception of her parents, it was a question whether she possessed one true friend.

The two cousins were sitting alone one morning, after they had been a few weeks together in the country.

“I want to purchase some new

ribbon, to trim my straw-bonnet," said Sophia.

"Excuse me," replied Mary, "*that* which you are now wearing looks very well: it is not at all faded."

"I know that," answered Sophia, "but I am tired of it;" and she sent the servant to the milliner's for one that she had seen in the window. Taking off the old ribbon, she threw it carelessly down.

"Do you make any use of this ribbon?" asked Mary.

"Certainly not," replied Sophia.

Mary immediately wound it round a card. "Do you remember, Sophia," said she, "that we are going this afternoon on a gipsy-party. Perhaps you are not aware that, on such excursions, we generally hunt for strawberries and flowers. Your new ribbon may be caught in the boughs: the old one is good enough."

“You are very stingy, Mary,” replied Sophia.

“I hope not,” answered Mary: “there is a material difference, my dear cousin, between meanness and prudence.”

But Sophia chose to do as she pleased, and the consequence was just what Mary had predicted. In the pleasure of gathering strawberries, she did not see a large bramble over her head, and when she attempted to rise, she found that one of her smart bows was caught in it. Sophia did not think of taking off her bonnet and gently extricating herself, but giving her head a violent toss, she released herself, with the loss of a large piece of ribbon. To complete the misfortune, they were overtaken by a heavy shower, and the new trimming was entirely wetted through.

Mary sympathized with Sophia. “Will you have the ribbon you took

off this morning?" said she: "here it is for you."

"No, indeed," answered Sophia, disdainfully: "I am not so shabby."

Her aunt, on her return in the evening, enquired why she had altered her ribbon; and on learning the whole statement, she severely reproved Sophia for her extravagance, and insisted, much to her niece's mortification, on the old trimming being replaced.

Mrs. Smith, the lady with whom she was staying, always used a clip-basket for her threads when at work, and kept a bag for any scraps of linen or muslin that might be cut off. Sophia persisted in neither using the one nor the other. The threads were always littered over the carpet, and the other fragments thrown into the fire.

One day she found a large piece of old muslin in her basket. She was alone, and

therefore immediately put her old habit in practice. Her aunt calling to her, she left the room. On her return, she found that, not having shut the door after her, the wind had blown the muslin, whilst on flame, back on a handkerchief which she was preparing to mark, and which she had thrown to dry over the fender, and burnt a large hole in it. Her aunt was, of course, extremely displeased with her. "Wilful waste makes woful want," said she. "If you go on in this way, you will be brought to ruin."

Sophia came down stairs, the following day, in a new bombasin frock, richly trimmed.

"Pardon me for interfering," said Mary, "but as we are going on the water, had you not better put on a white dress, that, in case of any accident, it might be washed."

"No," answered Sophia, "mamma

bought it for the visit: if it last that time I shall be satisfied. I have taken leave of my aunt, and if you do not tell her, she will not know what I have on."

The water-party had to alight at some little distance from the cottage in which they intended to take tea. It had rained heavily in the morning, and the grass being long, Sophia, who never took the pains to hold up her frock, was dragged piteously. Nor was this all. In stepping into the boat, on its return, her foot slipped, and she was up to the ankle in water: of course, the frock was entirely spoiled.

"Will you never learn prudence," said her aunt, when she entered the parlour; but Sophia remained incorrigible.

The servant came one morning into the room, with a night-dress that the laundress had sent home torn. The

cousins examined it. "It will only want a darn, and a new collar and frill," said Mary.

"Indeed I shall not trouble myself to mend it," answered Sophia. "Calico is cheap enough. I shall buy another."

"That will be very extravagant, cousin," said Mary.

"I do not ask you to pay for it," was Sophia's reply.

"What are you going to do with it?" said Mary, seeing it thrown on a chair.

"Nothing," answered Sophia: "it is of no use to me."

"Then let me beg of you to lay it aside," said Mary: "some poor creature will be thankful for it."

The following day the cousins were walking. As they passed by a cottage, they were attracted by the cry of distress. On entering a little room, they found a poor woman, who had just

fainted; and by her side a girl, who was crying excessively.

“Your mother is not dead, my dear,” said Mary, in reply to the girl’s passionate exclamations. “Bring some water and bathe her face.”

The girl did as she was bid, and the poor woman soon revived. On enquiring into the cause of her indisposition, Mary learnt that, having lost her husband, she had supported herself by weaving. Work having failed, her goods were distrained upon to pay her rent; and having divided the last morsel amongst her young family, overcome by want she had fainted.

Mary immediately offered her some relief, and looked anxiously at her cousin to assist her.

“I would if I could,” said Sophia, reading Mary’s looks; “but really I

cannot afford it. I have been obliged lately to pay a bill twice over, merely because I had lost the receipt; and as it was of some standing, and I had no proof that it was discharged, papa blamed me for my carelessness, but said it must be paid again."

How often are extravagant and careless people reduced to such a state as this. They who throw away pounds upon themselves, have frequently not a shilling to spare for a fellow-creature in distress.

"But you can send the night-gown you put away yesterday," answered Mary.

"Certainly, if you like it," said Sophia. And they left the cottage.

Six months had now elapsed, and Sophia's habits seemed daily increasing. To her aunt's remonstrances she turned a deaf ear; or, if she followed her advice

when in company with her, she disregarded it the moment that she was left alone.

Mrs. Smith was at last so tired with her, that she resolved to send her back to her parents. "I am truly sorry," said she, in the letter that accompanied Sophia, "to be obliged to return your daughter to your care. But her prodigality and carelessness exceed all bounds. To my observations she lends no attention; and I can only trust that parental authority will ultimately reclaim her from habits that must end in want and misery."

Sophia felt much mortified in being thus sent back in disgrace; but her character, I am sorry to say, knew no amendment.

By the death of her parents, a few years afterwards, she found herself possessed of a comfortable property; but

her extravagance and wasteful habits soon reduced her to beggary, and in the evening of her days she frequently wanted the necessaries of life. At first, her friends liberally supplied her, but she eventually wearied them out; and having disposed of an annuity her aunt had bequeathed her, for a small sum to supply her temporary wants, she ended her life in a workhouse. So true it is that, “wilful waste makes woful want.”

Of Mary it only remains to be said, that she succeeded to her aunt's property, and lived for many years—“blessing, and blessed by all the country round.”

AUGUSTUS;

OR,

The Advantages of early rising.

“COME Augustus,” said Mr. Dormer to his son, who was busily engaged in tracing the progress of Hannibal over the Alps: “come, Augustus, it is time to put away your map and go to bed. Augustus, who was generally an active boy, obeyed so slowly, and was so long in putting away his papers, that his father could not help enquiring into the motives of his unusual delay. “What are you thinking of, Augustus?” said he.

“I have been thinking,” answered Augustus, hesitatingly, “that Harry Vernon is a very happy boy; for he tells me that he rises when he pleases, and never goes to bed till eleven o’clock at night.”

“I always thought *you*,” replied Mr. Dormer, smiling, “a happy boy, though I sent you to bed at nine, and expected you to rise at six in the morning. Do you remember the old proverb?

‘Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.’”

“Yes, papa,” answered Augustus; “but that is only a proverb. If you would but let me try, like Harry Vernon, for a month, you would not, I think, see any ill effects result from it.”

“I by no means wish to make you a proverbialist,” said his father, “neither would I have you reject truth because

it is presented to you in a quaint form. Your favourite Hannibal, who performed such exploits whilst he lived in a state of temperance, lost his glory on the plains of Capua, when he sunk into luxury and sloth. However, since you wish it, we will make the experiment for a month; and we shall see, at the end of that period, whether you are a happier, a wiser, or a better boy."

"I shall have time to look at my lessons of an evening now," said Augustus; "and I can afford to play longer, and lie longer in bed too, papa."

"We shall see," said his father, "whether you, my son, are wiser than all who have gone before you."

At this moment a gentleman entered the room, who had lately returned from the East Indies, and Augustus became so interested in his accounts of the tiger-hunts, that he entirely forgot his resolu-

tion of stealing out of the room and looking at his lessons. He could at last hardly keep his eyes open; and as it was past eleven ere the gentleman left, he was glad to retire immediately.

Augustus was so sleepy, that he forgot to say his prayers, but jumping into bed, dreamt of nothing but tigers and lions; and the clock struck nine ere he opened his eyes. Again Augustus had no time to repeat his morning devotion, but hurrying into the parlour, he beheld, to his dismay, the servant carrying away the breakfast equipage. Sliding into the kitchen he hastily swallowed his bread and milk, that was become cold in waiting for him, caught up his books and hat, and ran to school.

Not a single boy was on the green. He looked up and saw the minute-hand of the great clock at a quarter to ten. Hastily entering the room, to his dismay

he perceived the first class were already standing round the usher. Now, there was a great boy in the school, who had long been trying with Augustus to obtain the head of this class; but Augustus had hitherto been so punctual to the hour, so assiduous to his lessons, and so perfect in them, that, although much the youngest of the two, he had hitherto surmounted all opposition. Poor Augustus took his place in much confusion, and after receiving a reprimand from his master, and paying a forfeit for his late attendance, he waited for the usual questions. Heartily did he wish, at this moment, that he had gone to bed at nine, for his head ached violently. He was so stupid that he scarcely knew what was said to him; and, worse than all, he had hardly looked at his lesson. The consequence was just what might have been expected: he instantly lost his

place in the class, and ere the lesson was finished, was in a lower situation than he had been for many months. Augustus was extremely mortified, but he had only himself to blame. "I will not act thus another time," said he; "and by double diligence I shall yet gain the prize."

And Augustus *did*, as he left the school-room, intend to retire at nine o'clock; but when the hour of temptation arrived, he had not resolution to deprive himself of the pleasure of remaining up till the family retired, and he was too proud to confess to his father that he had been wrong.

How many humiliations would Augustus have been spared, had he conquered this false feeling. Several evenings he looked at his lessons after supper, but he frequently fell asleep over them; and never had he been so often

turned back and punished at school, as during the first week of the privileged month.

“It is not sitting up,” said Augustus, mentally, “it is having accepted so many invitations, and being more than ordinarily fatigued.”

How many excuses the mind can frame, when we are disposed to apologize for our own errors.

Augustus had a very intimate friend, named George Stephens. He was an active, benevolent, healthy boy. “I cannot think what ails you, Augustus,” said George one day to him: “you always seem half asleep. You do not play nearly so well as you did. And how pale you look: are you not well?”

“Not very well,” said Augustus. “I have the head-ache.”

“Well then, I think I can tell you

something that will cheer you and do you good," said George.

"What is it," said Augustus, languidly.

"Why it is nothing more nor less than this," answered George: "Tom Smith came to me yesterday: you know Tom is a great bird-fancier. 'Master George,' said he, touching his hat, (for Tom is always civil,) 'Master George, I am come to ask you if you will part with your young canaries.' Who for, Tom? said I, for I shall not part with them, unless to some one who will take great care of them."

"They are for Lady Reade," answered Tom, "who is famous for her love of birds. She is about to form an aviary, and she desired me to obtain some nice canaries. I knew yours were good songsters, Sir, and that you had more than you wished to keep. Lady Reade will give five shillings a bird."

“A bargain then, my good fellow, said I. But I have a friend who has a greater number than he wants: will you take his birds also? They are excellent birds, I can assure you.”

“Will you trouble yourself to speak to the gentleman?” said Tom.

“I will,” answered I. “And now come, Augustus, let us go and look at the canaries. Poor Mrs. White need not now cry any longer because blind Jack wants a pair of shoes; and you can have the new rake, hoe, and spade, that you wanted.”

Thus talking they reached the bird-cages. But what a sight! Augustus had lain so long in bed of a morning, and had been so often kept at school, that he had been in a continual hurry the whole of the day, during the past week; and when, for the first time since

this occurred, he visited his canaries, he found five of the young birds had perished from want of food. This disappointment was only equalled by the exclamations of pity and surprise uttered by George, and it was some minutes before he could even offer an excuse to his friend.

Augustus was naturally of a good temper, but staying up so late at night had rendered him peevish and irritable; and he had said so many unkind and pettish things for the last fortnight, that he had received constant reproofs from his parents. Nor was this all. Augustus was no longer the lively, happy boy he had been before. Sitting up late enervated his mind and his body, and instead of working or playing with his former animation, he felt so drowsy and indolent, that he sauntered about the house like a lifeless thing, and was continually

sitting down, resting his head on his hand and taking a short nap.

His papa said nothing. He had long seen that one of the faults of Augustus was, a fancied superiority, and a tendency to combat with, instead of submitting to, the advice of his friends; and he silently resolved to convince him of the error, by a practical punishment inflicted by himself.

The day, the important day, at length arrived, for giving away the prize. The tickets were produced by the several competitors, and Augustus and the senior boy were unrivalled on the list for a long time. Augustus even stood first; and it was not till the beginning of this unfortunate month that he had begun to lose his hard-earned honours. From this period, blank after blank was produced; and when the prizes were adjudged, Augustus had not only the mor-

tification of seeing them gained by his rival in the race, but a boy, far his inferior in abilities and years, appointed to take the place he had filled.

This boy's unceasing perseverance had accomplished for him, far beyond what any one in the school had expected. He was always up by break of day; and no invitation to play, no entreaty to desist, could draw him from the industrious course he pursued, till he had gained the object in view.

One morning, when Augustus came down to breakfast, he found his papa absent. In a few minutes he returned.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Dormer, "you are unusually late this morning: with the exception of Augustus, we have been waiting for you this hour."

"I am sorry to have kept you, my love," answered Mr. Dormer; "but I staid to see the embarkation of the

regiment, and to take leave of my old friend, Captain Parr."

"Captain Parr!" said Augustus, starting. "Was Charles with him?"

"Yes," said his father; "and when he had taken leave of your friend George, who accompanied me, he turned to me, and, with tears in his eyes, said, 'Give my love to Augustus, and tell him I thought he would have exerted himself to come this little way, to say good-bye. We may never meet again. Give my love to him.'"

Augustus was silent with sorrow for an instant. "But, papa," said he, "I did not know which morning he would sail. And how came George there?"

"George had walked over every morning by sun-rise," answered his father; "and though you did not know the precise morning for sailing, you

knew it was to be with the first fair wind. It is not only with money, Augustus, that a man often pays dearly for lying in bed."

Augustus really loved Charles Parr, and he had fully hoped to take an affectionate farewell of him. Charles was accompanying his father to the East Indies, and it was uncertain whether they would ever meet again.

"Poor Charles!" at last he said, bursting into tears, "how unkind, how neglectful he must think me; and now there is no possibility of his receiving even an apologizing letter from me, for many months." The reflections of Augustus were for a short time bitter. "All through my own folly," said he, "in thinking myself able to judge what was right and best for me, I have incurred this trouble. And what have I gained by sitting up late? Nothing at

all. I have neglected my devotions; I have lost the prize at school; deprived myself of the pleasure of assisting poor blind Jack; my canary-birds died through my neglect; papa and mamma have had occasion to reprove me oftener than they ever did in their lives before; and Charles, my dear friend Charles, has left England, with the idea that I am too selfish and too indolent to trouble myself to walk that little way to see him once more. It wants but a day to the end of this unfortunate month. How glad I shall be when it is over."

At this moment he heard the voice of George. "Augustus," said he, "I want you to come and see my garden. Most of my seeds are either coming up or really out of the ground; and every thing looks so nice and green, you must walk home with me and look at them."

Augustus willingly went: he was glad

of any excuse to divert the current of his thoughts, and he entered George's garden.

All was neatness and order: the crocuses, daffodils, and jonquils, with their yellow blossoms, gave a gaiety to the scene, and, blended with the pink and purple hepatica, formed a pretty contrast. The beds were neatly raked, and not a weed was to be seen; and the tender green of the newly-risen seeds, with their various patches marked out by the little labelled sticks, proved that George had not wasted either his time or his ground.

After admiring the flowers for some time, and examining every label, George proposed returning with Augustus. The latter could not refuse, though he hung his head and blushed deeply as George entered his garden. The contrast, indeed, was striking. All was disorder

and confusion : not a weed had been pulled up, not a seed sown, not a branch nailed in its place, during the last month.

“ I know what you are thinking of,” said Augustus, as George looked sorrowful and surprised : “ you are thinking of the description of the sluggard :

‘ I pass’d by his garden and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher.’”

“ I *was*,” said George ; “ and I do trust, Augustus, that I shall not have to witness in you the completion of that sad tale.”

“ No,” said Augustus, embracing him : “ my dear George, I am heartily tired and ashamed of my conduct ; and I am determined to go, this very moment, and tell papa. Come George,” he continued, “ go with me.”

George and Augustus instantly re-

paired to Mr. Dormer, and the latter confessed his fault, with many tears.

“You see, my dear boy,” said his father, “how necessary it is to be ruled by those who are older and wiser than yourself. By wishing to indulge in what was improper for your years, you have neglected the duties you owed to your God, the first and fruitful source of after misery. By consenting to become a sluggard, you neglected all your temporal affairs, slighted your friend, and often disobeyed your parents. You have never been well since, and I leave it to you to determine whether you are either wiser, healthier, or better.”

“No, indeed, papa,” said Augustus, eagerly.

“I will tell you a story of a man I knew,” replied Mr. Dormer; and he began: “Edward Thompson was the only son of a respectable tradesman.

From his infancy he was indulged in every thing he wished; and, as he was fond of bed, he scarcely ever rose before eleven o'clock in the morning. He sat up also late at night; and before he was twelve years old, he was one of the most sickly-looking boys I ever saw. It was in vain that the medical men repeated to his parents, that his illness arose only from his habits. Edward liked bed, they said, and they could not be so cruel as to deprive him of his enjoyment and his comfort. Their friends also spoke to them of the sad effects of the idle life he was leading; but they persisted in saying, that youth was the season of enjoyment, and that it was time to work when he was a man. To judge of the happiness of Edward by his appearance, he possessed little. He was always to be seen listless and unoccupied, his hands hanging down, his

hair uncombed, his face and clothes dirty and slovenly. Instead of joining in the sports of boys of his age, he was either stooping over the fire, in the winter, till he could scarcely see out of his eyes, or lying in the sun, on any place he could find, in the summer. His mind was as neglected as his body. It was too much trouble to him to learn his lessons—too much fatigue to fetch a book to read. Tired of himself, he tired every body else; and the best, the morning-hours of his life—of that time, for the employment of which he must hereafter give an account—was wasted and irrecoverably lost. At last his father died, and Edward succeeded to his business; and, for a time, it was hoped that he would exert himself and mend his ways. But, alas! his bad habits had taken firm possession of his mind; and whilst others were engaged

in business, he was courting, ‘a little more sleep and a little more slumber.’ To be brief, in a few years the little property that was left him by his father was quite exhausted; his creditors became clamorous; and he, with his aged mother, who was left to his care, was removed to a workhouse, where they ended their days in sickness and sorrow—a sad proof of the assertion, that

‘Idleness is the mother of wo.’ ”

Augustus listened attentively. From that day he resolved to rise early, and employ, to the utmost advantage, every hour of the day. He kept his resolution, regained his health, his spirits, his place in the school, and his good-humour. He rose, by assiduity in the profession he chose, to celebrity and

fortune; and never forgot to quote to his children, the truth he had so early discovered in the old adage, that,

“ Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

THE LOITERER;

OR,

The Necessity of Punctuality.

It was a fine summer morning: the village-bells were ringing merrily: the children of the charity-school, in new dresses, were to walk in procession to the house of their benefactress, whose birth-day they were about to commemorate.

Mrs. Shirly, for that was the lady's name, had provided rewards for the younger girls; and for the elder ones and their parents, suitable clothing. A large party of her friends were invited to spend the day, and every thing promised to be gay and happy.

Foremost on the list of guests stood the Seymour family. Helen, Mary, and George were already equipped, and waited only for Maria to accompany them. But Maria was nowhere to be found. They sought for her in the house, in the garden, the orchard, and the field adjoining, and were at last reluctantly compelled to proceed without her.

Maria Seymour was one of those tiresome girls who make it a point never to be punctual. She was so afraid of having a few spare moments on her hands, that she always delayed to prepare till the clock was on the point of striking; and it is incredible to how many inconveniences she subjected herself and her friends, through this sad error.

Just at the time she ought to have laid aside her work, she was generally seized with a desire to finish it immedi-

ately; and after having loitered through a whole morning, she would endeavour to accomplish that in a few minutes, which perhaps required hours; or she remembered some engagement that must be fulfilled, and then all was confusion and hurry. It was one of these sudden recollections that had taken Maria from home on this important day. She disliked, she said, to be dressed so long beforehand; so, slipping on her bonnet and shawl, she stole silently out of the house, determining to feed, in the interval, her rabbits, and to carry some arrow-root to a poor woman at the further end of the village. When she came to the rabbit-hutch, she was so amused in gathering parsley, and in seeing the young-ones munch it, that she quite forgot that time ran rapidly on, and it was not till the sight of the

arrow-root recalled her to a sense of her other engagement, that, snatching up the little parcel, she ran with it to Dame Brooks's cottage.

After talking a few minutes to the old woman, a beautiful spaniel attracted her notice. "Would you please to go and see the young puppies, Miss?" said the woman: "if you like either of them, and your mamma will permit you to accept it, we shall feel quite honoured by your taking one of them."

"Oh! thank you, dame," said Maria: "pray let me see them;" and, escorted by one of the old woman's grand-children, she proceeded to the stable in which they were kept. "Beautiful little creatures!" exclaimed Maria: "they are all so pretty, I hardly know which to choose;" and she continued selecting and rejecting each, by turns, till more than half an hour had slipped

away. "Well, really, I must go," she said, at last: "you will remember to send me the little brown dog. I am afraid I am rather late," she continued; "but meetings of this kind are seldom punctual."

The clock chimed the half-hour as Maria was tripping down the green lane that led to her home. She was surprised that no one was looking for her; and her astonishment was greatly increased when, on knocking at the door, old Robin the gardener opened it to her.

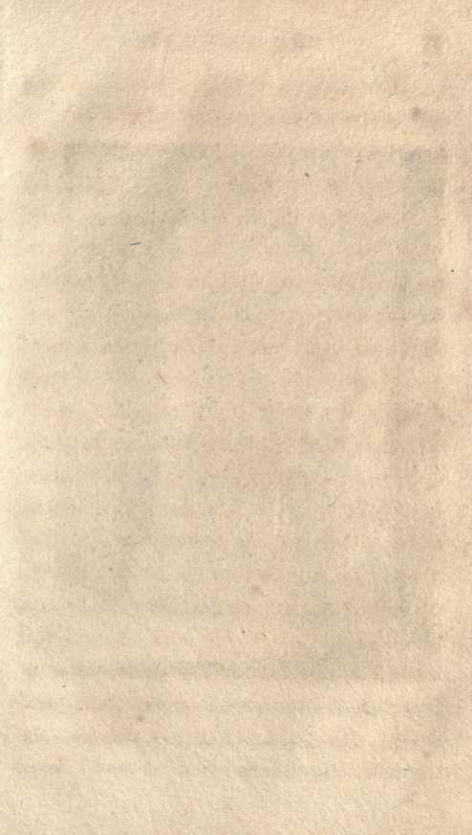
"Well, Robin, she said, "how came you here?"

"I staid within, Miss," answered the man; "for master and mistress and the young ladies have been gone this hour; and the servants have had permission to see the sight, and a pretty one it will be too."

“Gone!” said Maria, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment. “How unkind not to look or wait for me! Did mamma say any thing about it, Robin?”

“They did look after you, Miss,” answered the man, “but in vain; and mistress said she was afraid they should be too late, for Mrs. Shirly was a very punctual lady, and she could not deprive your sisters and brothers of pleasure because you were out of the way.”

Maria was extremely disappointed, but as her only alternative was to bear it quietly, she went to the garden-gate, in the hopes of seeing some of the children pass in their new dresses. She could hear the hum of distant voices, and the tears silently stole down her cheeks as she contrasted her own situation with that of her brothers and sisters. Yet she felt the justice of the punishment; for how often had Mary,





*"Will they never come back?" said Maria —
How dull, how very dull it is — page 82.*

Ellen, and George been disappointed of a long and pleasant ramble, through their kindness in waiting for her; and how often had they borne censure for her delay, rather than involve her in blame.

She peeped through the garden-gate for a long, long hour; but no one passed: all were gone to the festival.

“Will they never come back?” said Maria. “How dull, how very dull it is.” The bells again struck up a merry peal. “Every body is cheerful but myself,” said Maria, mournfully. The servants at length arrived, and, with a full heart, she sat down to her solitary meal. When she had finished, she arose and endeavoured to amuse herself with her work and books, but in vain. She was continually jumping up to see who passed the gate, and her thoughts wandered from the page to Mrs. Shirly.

The evening came slowly on; the sun sunk behind the shrubbery; and she tired herself by walking round and round the little green parterre, and looking out to obtain a glimpse of the returning party.

The sound of voices caught her ear at last, and she ran to meet her parents and sisters, but stopped as she approached them, from the consciousness of her fault.

Mrs. Seymour thought she had been sufficiently punished, and she held out her hand to the abashed and penitent girl. Her brother and sisters pressed around her: they could hardly find words to express the pleasure they had enjoyed, to describe the pretty decorations of the tent under which they had dined, the gratitude of the parents in seeing the children rewarded, and the joy of the little scholars on receiving the promised gifts.

“And you will be with us another year, I hope,” said George.

“I hope so too,” answered Maria, as they entered the door.

Some months had elapsed since the adventure occurred that we last detailed, when the illness of a relation, in a distant part of the country, called Mr. and Mrs. Seymour from home. The children were left under the care of an old nurse, and they made many promises of good behaviour during their parents' absence.

As they were sitting at work one morning, they saw a servant coming up the garden-walk, and in a few minutes a note was handed to Maria. It was from their friend Mrs. Smith, and requested the pleasure of the four Seymours' company, to spend the following day. “I shall dine very early,” said the lady, “and beg that you will be

punctual: as we intend taking the young party on the water, it is necessary that we should leave home at the hour I have mentioned."

The children were highly delighted at this invitation: they could talk of nothing else during the day, and the first question on the ensuing morning was relative to the state of the weather.

After having repeated their lessons to the masters who attended them, Mary, Helen, and George left the room to prepare. Maria was following them, when the arrival of a small parcel attracted her attention. This parcel proved to be a book Mrs. Seymour had long promised her children. "I must just see," she said, "the subject of the frontispiece: it is so droll. I only mean to read one tale, and there will then be time enough to get ready. Helen and Mary are always so unnecessarily exact."

But *time enough* is generally *little enough* ; and she who yields to the first temptation, finds it still more difficult to resist the second.

When she had finished the entertaining story, she ventured to peep at the next picture, and to begin the tale ; till, becoming thoroughly interested, she threw herself down on a chair, in spite of the remonstrances of her brother and sister, and continued to read on, till the clock actually struck the hour at which they were to dine.

“ That cannot be the time,” she said, jumping up : “ the clock must be an hour too fast.” But the clock, unfortunately for Maria, was quite right ; and, what was worse, Mrs. Smith lived at least a mile from their house.

To do Maria justice, she equipped herself neatly in a very few minutes,

and hurrying on her bonnet and spencer, she joined the impatient group below. It was a very hot day, and though the children ran till they were heated to excess, they were still a long way off.

“Surely,” said George, “we shall never get to the end of this tiresome lane; and then there is the meadow and the short green field, with two or three stiles to hinder us; and I cannot walk any longer at this pace.” “Nor I either,” said Mary; and, taking off their bonnets, they imprudently walked without them.

Now there are often unavoidable delays that detain the most regular persons, and these should always be prepared for; but, at this juncture, a few minutes was of great consequence to these children.

Just as they came to the stile, they perceived an old man helping over a

blind woman. She was very timid, and it was some time ere she was satisfied that she was taking a right step; and when she was over, there was a child that required to be assisted, and a bundle and a stick that the old man leaned across for. *Their* turn came at last. They jumped over, and ran again through the meadow; but just as they came to the end of it, by the gate through which they must pass, were a number of cows standing out of the heat, under the shade of a tree. Now Mary and Helen were afraid of cows, and it was some minutes ere Maria and George could drive them far enough away to allow the girls to come on.

Again the children ran, and, almost breathless, they entered Mrs. Smith's door.

"It is well you are come at last," said the lady: "we were just going to

sit down to dinner. You have detained us nearly an hour."

The children looked very much abashed, and their confusion was redoubled by finding some of the dishes nearly cold, and others quite overdone and spoiled.

Mrs. Smith was evidently very vexed; and Maria, her sisters, and brothers were so tired with their run, and so ashamed of the confusion they had occasioned, that they could scarcely eat any thing: and they had been seated in the room a full half-hour ere they began to regain their cheerfulness.

"Are we to go to the woods, ma'am?" asked one of the young ladies in the party.

"I intended it, my dear," replied Mrs. Smith; "but really we are so late, that I am obliged to disappoint you, and we must content ourselves with Dame

Alice's cottage. When we have a more punctual party," she continued, looking at Maria, who blushed deeply, "I hope to gratify you by visiting that beautiful spot; but lost time cannot be recalled, and we must therefore make the most of what remains for us."

When the children returned home in the evening, nurse thought that Mary and George looked pale: she, however, attributed it to fatigue, and trusted that a good night's sleep would restore them to usual health. But on the following morning she was surprised and grieved to find them both very ill. The heat and hurry of the preceding day had thrown them into a high fever; so, desiring them to remain in bed, she sent immediately for Mr. Newton the apothecary. On examining his little patients, he recommended that their

parents should be sent for directly ; and calling Maria into the room, he begged her to send off a letter by the first post.

This once Maria sat down and immediately complied with Mr. Newton's directions. But it was a two-day's post ; and although Mr. and Mrs. Seymour set off for home on the receipt of the letter, before they arrived little George was quite delirious. The meeting was accompanied with severe self-reproach on the part of Maria, and with that of anxious sorrow on that of her parents.

Mary soon recovered from the fever ; but it was many months before George regained his strength.

As Maria stood over the bed-side of the invalid child, she bitterly deplored her fault. She was not of a bad disposition. Her errors proceeded from the head, not the heart. She never left

the couch of the suffering boy, and by every attention in her power sought to alleviate the illness her habit of loitering had occasioned; and long before George was quite recovered, Maria was become as remarkable for punctuality, as she had before been careless and negligent.

LUCY SOMERS;

OR,

Good-humour rewarded.

LUCY SOMERS lost her mother when quite an infant, and the care of the little orphan devolved on her father, an excellent clergyman, who resided in a retired village in the west of England. Mr. Somers was most affectionately attached to Lucy; and he proved the strength of his regard, not by that mistaken fondness which consists in humouring and spoiling a child, but by every kind attention to his little charge, and by a constant watchfulness over her habits and disposition. His great aim

was to render her a good and estimable character; and whilst he cultivated, by every means in his power, the talents that Providence had bestowed on her, he laboured with much more anxiety, to form her principles, and instil into her young heart a love of those truths, and those pursuits, that are most worthy of an immortal being.

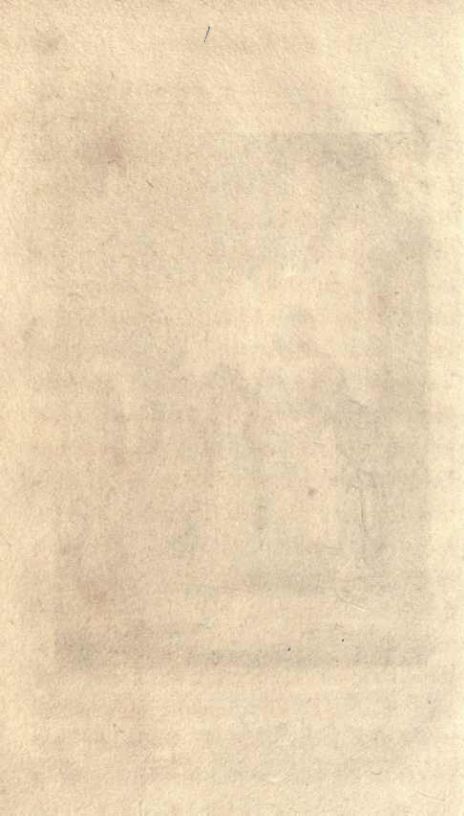
The temper of Lucy was naturally sweet and affectionate, and, under the tuition of a father on whom she absolutely doated, there appeared every reason to believe, that she would become an honour to her sex, and a comfort to her surviving parent. Happy in his child, and happy in the performance of the various duties of his profession, Mr. Somers looked forward to a life of tranquillity and usefulness. But human prospects are not enduring, and scarcely had Lucy reached her twelfth year, ere

she was summoned to pay the last duties to her expiring father, and to follow, with an almost bursting heart, his remains to the silent grave.

It was a fine summer's morning, when Lucy left the home so long endeared to her, to seek another abode in the house of her aunt, a lady of large fortune, who had been married several years without possessing any family. Lucy wept bitterly, as she shook the hand of her old nurse, and passed through the little garden to the coach, which waited without the gate. Never had the surrounding fields, she thought, looked so green; never had the flowers smelt so fragrant, as when she was about to leave them, perhaps for ever. But Lucy, as we before observed, had been brought up religiously, and, after giving indulgence for a short time to her tears, she remembered, that to 'sorrow'



*"Lucy wept bitterly as she shook
the hand of her old nurse, &c."* page 94.



as one 'who had no hope,' was both ungrateful and unbecoming in a Christian. She felt convinced that, could her father behold her, he would condemn this excessive display of grief; and drying her eyes, she endeavoured to seek consolation in the promises of the Sacred Volume; and succeeded so well, that, by the time she arrived at her aunt's, she had gained a tolerable degree of composure. There were some, indeed, who would have thought that Lucy was become a gainer by her change of residence; for Mrs. Talbot lived in a style of elegance altogether unknown to the simple inhabitants of the parsonage, and besides a large number of servants and a carriage, every elegance that luxury could devise, or money procure, was to be found at the villa. Lucy's first act, on entering her room, was to throw herself on her knees, and pray

that she might be kept in a state of humility, and that she might be enabled to discharge every duty with propriety, and act with gentleness in every trial. Nor was the petition unnecessary or superfluous; for she was about to enter on a scene that required the utmost exercise of her patience and meekness.

Mrs. Talbot had been, when a young woman, remarkable for her beauty; and a temper naturally pettish and tiresome, had been absolutely ruined by the over-indulgence of a fond mother, and the admiration her person had formerly attracted. She was now past her prime, and although her beauty had yielded to sickness and residence in a warm climate, she had still the vanity to fancy herself lovely, and was irritated at perceiving that she no longer received the homage that had once awaited her. Her mind was naturally

weak, and with a jealousy as despicable as it was mean, she regarded the claims of her junior friends with envy; and could scarcely hide, even in company, the vexation she endured at seeing others preferred before her. The good temper that sparkled in Lucy's eyes, the dimpled smile that played on her open countenance, and her obliging manners, attracted general attention; and without having any pretensions to beauty, she was the favourite wherever she appeared. Poor Lucy, however, soon felt that the path she had to tread was a most difficult one. Whenever she came home from a visit, she had to bear the ill-humour of her aunt; and whilst, by every means, she sought to dissipate the chagrin that clouded Mrs. Talbot's brow, she was either repelled by frowns, or treated with contemptuous silence.

Nor was this all; for Lucy was called upon to make sacrifices, not only of her will, but of her very inclinations; and this too before strangers, under the mask of seeming kindness. "You will do as you like," was Mrs. Talbot's general answer, when invitations were given to Lucy; and she soon learnt to understand that this was a tacit denial. If she sat down to work, her aunt wondered she was not aware that she wished music; and if, at another time, in the hope of pleasing, she placed herself at the piano, Mrs. Talbot was astonished that she had not some compassion on her nerves, instead of wearing her out with the strumming of an instrument. The tears would often start into Lucy's eyes, and had it not been for the strength of her religious principles, her temper must have been irretrievably soured. But she derived support and

comfort from a source unknown to the gay and dissipated. She had never neglected her morning and evening supplications; and from her Bible she daily drew those rich consolations, and those strengthening precepts, that raised her above the present scene, and taught her to perform, in humble trust, the peculiar duties she was now called upon to practise. Her own quiet home, and all its peaceful and affectionate hours, rose, vividly rose, upon her memory. "O, my dear father," would she sometimes say, "could you see all that your poor child has to encounter, you would indeed pity her. But no, I must not waste my time in vain reflections: I must strive to act properly, in the station which is assigned me." And drying her eyes, she would prepare to meet her aunt with unaffected good-humour.

Time rolled on, and Lucy still bore

and forebore, with a sweetness almost inconceivable. She painted very beautifully; and one evening, when a large party was assembled at her aunt's, a lady expressed a wish that Miss Somers would oblige the company with a sight of her portfolio. Lucy blushed and looked at her aunt, whose brow darkened at this request. She was already in a very ill-humour, from the attention that had been generally paid her niece; and as the latter hesitated to comply, uncertain how to act, the lady repeated her request.

“What does all this affectation of modesty mean,” said Mrs. Talbot, in a tone of repressed anger, whilst Lucy, unable to contain her emotion, hurried out of the room, to fetch the desired drawings. The mildness of her demeanour had, during the evening, attracted the notice of an elderly gentle-

man; he had observed the angry look Mrs. Talbot had bestowed on her, and, as she left the parlour, he could not help expressing his high admiration of her sweetness and simplicity.

“I hate,” replied Mrs. Talbot, “such even tempers: they proceed from mere stupidity. If Lucy had a grain of feeling, she would not always preserve such an immovable serenity.”

“I have not seen any want of feeling, Madam,” answered Mr. Stewart; “and if the varying colour of your niece, indicates emotion, she is often affected. But, if I am not mistaken, higher principles govern Miss Somers, than are generally ascribed to her; for her piety is too sincere to be ostentatious, too practical to display itself in words.”

The gentleman who made these observations was a clergyman, and he re-

solved to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the interesting orphan; though, on Lucy's entering the room, he wisely forebore taking any notice of her during the evening.

“Will you allow me, Mrs. Talbot,” he said, when the company broke up, “to introduce my daughter to Miss Somers? they are about the same age, and would, I think, be nice companions for each other.” Mrs. Talbot bowed assent. She could not, with any degree of politeness, refuse the request; for Mr. Stewart was too generally acknowledged as a gentleman and a scholar, not to render his society an honour.

Happy indeed was Lucy, when she was allowed to visit at the parsonage; and though the pleasure was seldom permitted, yet she never returned home without thankfulness for the high gratification she had enjoyed, or without

finding her principles strengthened, or her good resolutions confirmed. Not that Mr. Stewart ever alluded to the peculiar circumstances under which she was placed, nor was Lucy so unguarded as to mention the foibles and weaknesses of her aunt; but she saw in the parsonage-house a living comment on all the precepts she heard delivered, and was sensible that the example of this amiable family taught more than volumes. On their part, they entertained for her the highest regard, and Emily Stewart and Lucy Somers were soon as inseparably attached as sisters.

But Lucy's was not always to be a life of trial: her gentleness at length won upon the irritable temper of her aunt. She could not help expressing her surprise at the sweetness with which her niece bore contradiction and disappointment; and the tenderness with

which the latter had nursed her in a severe illness, when her other friends forsook her sick couch, allowed her no longer to call her sensibility in question. She began to believe that she had mistaken the character of her niece; and satisfied that her visits to the parsonage contributed to enlarge Lucy's mind, and confirm her in her rectitude of conduct, Mrs. Talbot now frequently requested the company of these excellent people. Intercourse with them soon produced attachment, and Lucy had the pleasure of finding, that the discontent that lurked on the brow of her aunt, was either repressed or chased away by the entrance of either of the Stewarts; and though her unhappy temper had been too long cherished to be entirely overcome, yet the improvement became so great, that her niece loved her as a parent, and derived pleasure from at-

tending on her. Mrs. Talbot lived for some years after this change of disposition, nor did she forget how much she was obliged to the piety of Lucy, for a first consideration of those important truths that cheered and supported her in old age; and after her death, and that of the excellent Mr. Stewart, Lucy, (having married the eldest son of that gentleman,) took possession of the parsonage-house, endeared to her by so many agreeable recollections.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY;

OR,

Perseverance successful.

CATHERINE and Louisa Stanley were the only children of a gentleman of large fortune and cultivated taste. The death of a beloved son, whose education he had superintended, rendered Mr. Stanley for a time inconsolable, and his hopes and his anxieties were now centered in his two blooming girls. Gentle, modest, and unassuming, Catherine Stanley was beloved by all who knew her. The softness of her manners and the sweetness of her voice corresponded with the placidity of her dis-

position and the benevolence of her temper. She was not brilliant, but she possessed the better qualities of unwearied perseverance and patience, sound sense, and a strong judgment. Catherine Stanley never astonished, but she generally pleased; whilst her freedom from every jealous or enviable feeling, and her unfeigned admiration of her brighter sister, proved her superior to all those narrow views that too often cloud excellence on other points. Mr. Stanley loved Catherine sincerely, but he actuated on Louisa. Gifted with first-rate talents, with a quickness of perception, and an originality of thought rarely met with in a girl of her age, Louisa Stanley shone pre-eminent in every thing she undertook. Genius sparkled in her bright dark eye, and wit and humour played round her rosy lips and dimpled cheeks. But these

qualifications, so admirable and interesting in themselves, were veiled in the estimation of her more judicious friends, by the fickleness that accompanied her into every pursuit, by an irritability of disposition that amounted to peevishness, and by an unhappy tendency to depreciate the acquirements of others. Unfortunately, Mr. Stanley very unintentionally fostered these qualities. Delighted with the keen *wit* of his darling child, he neglected to direct it to THINGS, and suffered it to play *on persons*. He forgot that the sarcasm would be remembered, when the humour had ceased to be thought of. For her versatility he made apologies, by declaring that genius could never bend to the old rules of system and perseverance; and her irritability of temper he endeavoured to excuse, as being the attendant on quick abilities.

Thus circumstanced, the two girls began a course of education laid down for them by their father, under the instruction of regular masters. Catherine listened attentively and silently to Mr. Stanley, as he described to his daughters his intended plan; and taking the volume that was offered her, she retired to an opposite corner, and diligently applied herself to surmount the difficulties that opened themselves to her. Not so the animated Louisa. She also took the offered volume, and glancing her eye hastily over it, shut it with a look of conscious superiority. "You think you comprehend it," said her father.

"I do," answered Louisa, "as she resumed her seat at the table, and occupied herself in adjusting a drawing before her. Mr. Stanley looked at his

daughter, and in this simple action fancied that he traced the future lot of the two girls.

“ Ah! poor Catherine,” he said, sighing, “ you must *drudge* through life: industry, unwearied industry must effect for you what your gifted sister will accomplish without labour.”

Mr. Stanley’s business obliged him, soon after this occurrence, to leave home for a long and distant tour. With deep reluctance he left his beloved children, and anxiously awaited the result of his plan. A year had rolled on since the commencement of our tale. Mr. Stanley had returned home, and the assiduous Catherine and the brilliant Louisa appeared before him, to undergo an examination. Catherine first produced her portfolio. Mr. Stanley was struck with the neatness and elegance displayed throughout.

“Your landscapes,” said he, “have the high finish of an artist: they are indeed beautiful.” Then turning to Louisa, he hung for a few minutes delightedly over her sketches. There were spirit, life, and originality in the designs; but still they were only half-completed pictures. There the head of a Madonna wanted its luxuriant hair; and here a holy family had only one leg or arm amongst them; the stems of her trees were branchless and leafless, or their boughs waved gracefully, but were unsupported by the parent stem.

Mr. Stanley felt mortified. He had often exulted in the promise that Louisa had given, in this his favourite art. Her drawings, indeed, discovered that she possessed a more than ordinary share of genius; but then they were the productions of an idle and versatile genius—of one who would only raise

hopes to disappoint them. "The prize must be given to Catherine," he said.

"Yes," answered her mamma; "and I fancy she will often obtain it."

"But *I* have *not* genius, mamma," said Catherine, blushing: "Louisa will far surpass me, when she has filled up those beautiful outlines."

"You have industry, Catherine," answered her mother, "and that will do more for you than *IDLE talent*. Do you remember Dr. Johnson's allegory of the journey of life, and how successful *Application* was in gaining the top of the hill? It is true that the ascent was at first laborious, but the difficulty lessened at every step."

The love of novelty was Louisa Stanley's darling passion: every thing that was new was delightful. She had expressed a passionate desire to learn music. The piano was accordingly bought,

and with her usual quickness she overcame the first difficulties, with an ease that astonished her delighted father. But there she stopped: the instrument had lost its charm, for it was become old. Mr. Stanley, before he left home, had observed with regret that Louisa rarely practised. He mentioned it to her, but she had been too long accustomed to her own way, to regard it; and Mr. Stanley forgave the inattention, because he persuaded himself that her genius would accomplish for her all that was necessary.

Catherine, in the meanwhile, studied patiently and steadily. The regularity of her plans gave her time for every thing; and when, on the day we mentioned, she was called on to exhibit her skill, it was but too evident that perseverance, in this instance, had again triumphed over *idle genius*.

Mr. Stanley listened with pain to the complaints of the various masters, as they unanimously concurred in allowing the abilities of Louisa and lamenting her carelessness; and he sorrowed, as he proceeded, to find that in every branch of her studies, her capriciousness and inattention had blighted the buds of promise that her first essays displayed. He now saw his error, but it was too late. Louisa, from her infancy, had heard so much of her talents, that she believed herself a prodigy; and this self-esteem prevented all efforts at improvement. She had always looked down with contempt on her sister's powers of mind, and instead of acknowledging with pleasure the merits of Catherine, she viewed her henceforth in the light of a rival; and her naturally pettish temper, once irritated by this idea, knew no bounds to its fretfulness. For

a short time she paid more attention to her lessons, but long fits of idleness succeeded this temporary improvement.

Her satirical temper continually made her enemies; and her arrogance, contrasted with her superficial acquirements, provoked the pity of the more intelligent, and the contempt of the less kindly-disposed. Louisa Stanley gave another melancholy proof, that genius, unassisted by industry, can effect but little; and that, although the cultivation of the qualities of the head is desirable, those of the heart are preferable.

Catherine Stanley quietly pursued the "even tenor of her way." She understood thoroughly all that it was necessary for her to know, and far surpassed in real knowledge many who were at first considered her superiors; whilst the sweetness of her disposition,

and the excellence of her conduct, spread a charm and a comfort over the domestic scene, that ensured her the blessings of her parents, and the love and esteem of her numerous friends.

THE DISCONTENTED BOY.

“ Still to ourselves, in every state consign’d,
Our own felicity we make or find.”

OF all Mr. Lewis's family, Alexander alone was peevish and discontented. Not any body or any thing satisfied him. He was for ever finding fault with all around him. “ This person was so stupid,” “ that game was so tiresome,” were his constant exclamations; whereas the fault really lay in his own mind. Mr. Lewis took a great deal of pains to conquer this unhappy temper, but to little purpose. Alexander still fretted and repined. He always

wanted something that was not to be had. At meals he was never satisfied, and frequently he would punish himself, by eating bread and salt, rather than touch any thing that was put on his plate.

Mr. Lewis's children were educated at home. They had a kind tutor, and as much recreation as was good for them. No family could be happier, and, with the exception of Alexander, none were more so. One summer, whilst things were going on in this state, Mr. Lewis invited his nephew, Henry Morton, to spend the vacation with them: he hoped, by the contrast, to show Alexander the faults of his character. Henry was so animated and so good-tempered, that even Alexander found it difficult to discover any real fault in him. Once, however, he could not forbear quoting, "And the loud

laugh that spoke the vacant mind," when Henry was laughing heartily with his little cousins, and amusing them by a game at leap-frog.

"Now, cousin," rejoined Henry, "do not stand there and look on in such solemn state. I shall not think you at all the less clever, because you condescend to play with the children. Join us, pray do." But our discontented hero sullenly refused.

Alexander heard so many agreeable stories from Henry, of the amusements of the boys at —— school, of the plays they performed once in the year, of the nutting-parties they made on half-holidays, and of the happiness of breaking up at twelve and five, and running over the green before the house, that of all things he longed to be a school-boy. It is true he made many enquiries, as to what they had for din-

ner, and whether the lessons were not difficult to learn. But as to the former, his cousin assured him that they had such good appetites, that every thing tasted nice; and, of the latter, he made so light, that Alexander, who never *was*, “but always *to be* blessed,” was determined, if possible, to persuade his papa to send him to school.

Mr. Lewis, after much entreaty, consented: he, however, laid before his son the difficulties he would meet with, and tried to convince him that he was much better off under the roof of his kind parents, than he could be at a public seminary. But Alexander was not to be convinced; and, in high spirits, on the appointed day he set off with his cousin. Before going away, he begged his mamma to allow the cook to make him a large cake; and he

bought some huge apple-pies at a neighbouring shop.

The journey was performed without any thing remarkable. Alexander, indeed, fretted the first twenty miles, because he could not sit on the box with the coachman; and when they stopped at the inn there was nothing he liked to eat, so he was obliged to purchase some tarts of a boy in the street, and, hungry and cross, he remounted the coach. Henry, on the contrary, had made a hearty meal. He could eat roasted or boiled meat, just as it happened, and dine as well off cold veal, which Alexander said he "abominated," as off any warm joint. He pursued his journey, therefore, in high spirits. His cheerfulness imparted itself to all around; and a gentleman, with whom Alexander had quarrelled on account

of his great-coat, was so pleased with Henry's obliging conduct, that he insisted on his sharing with him a basket of fine cherries. Our epicure darted many a longing look at them, but to no purpose; and, in a very discontented humour, he reached the place of his destination.

Being much fatigued with their journey, the boys were, shortly after their arrival, shown to their room. Every thing wore an air of neatness and comfort; and any one but Alexander would have been thankful for so nice a bed. Not so our hero. He wasted half the night in complaints, and accused Harry of having deceived him. He rose in the morning completely out of temper, but there was no one to listen to his murmurs; and when he declared that he could not eat bread and milk for breakfast, the usher told him he might

have bread and water if he pleased. Alexander could have cried with vexation, but the recollection of his nice cake consoled him a little; and leaving his basin of milk untouched, he stole up to his box, and regaled himself alone and unperceived.

As Alexander was a lad of tolerable abilities, he got through his lessons pretty well; and after sauntering about the play-ground for an hour, in sad recollections of what he had foolishly left behind him, he heard, with real pleasure, the dinner-bell ring. There were boiled mutton and suet dumplings on the table, the very two things Alexander fancied he disliked; and it was with considerable difficulty he prevailed on himself to swallow a few morsels. The thought of the apple-pies, however, kept up his spirits, and he hoped that the next day would bring something more

to his taste. But the next day and the following brought the same dinner, and Alexander began to think he should be starved. What rendered it worse was, that eating so little substantial food, and living so entirely on rich cake and pies, he began to be very ill. Strict enquiry was made as to what he had purchased, a certain quantity only being allowed; and as Alexander persisted in keeping silence, through the fear of losing his treasured hoard, search was made in his box, and all that remained was taken from him, with a promise that he should be allowed a suitable proportion daily.

This was the worst trial that had yet befallen him. He wished, a thousand times over, that he had never left home; and he determined to write instantly, and request to be allowed to return. But this Mr. Lewis decidedly refused.

Alexander was now thoroughly wretched. No one liked him in the school, and he liked no one. Among his school-fellows was one who had a brother at sea. This boy used to amuse the rest with accounts of his exploits, of the countries he visited, the strange people he had met with, and the curious birds and beasts he had seen. Alexander drank in this account. Any thing, he thought, would be better than the present state, and he determined to run away and go to sea.

Harry was by this time quite out of favour. He was too happy and contented by half, to suit his misanthropic cousin: he neither made miseries nor talked of them; and whenever our discontented hero complained to him, he either softened the affair, or endeavoured to convince him he was in the

wrong. Not one of his other school-fellows was his friend ; and, thus situated, there was not a being to whom he could impart his project, or apply for assistance or advice.

Alexander lay awake all that night, forming his plan ; and the next morning, as it was a holiday, he determined to set out, directly after breakfast. He was not far from the sea-side ; and, packing up his little bundle, he stole out sily, and running as fast as he could, was soon out of sight. On arriving at the town, he found that a ship was just going to sail ; and jumping into the boat, he quickly engaged as a cabin-boy.

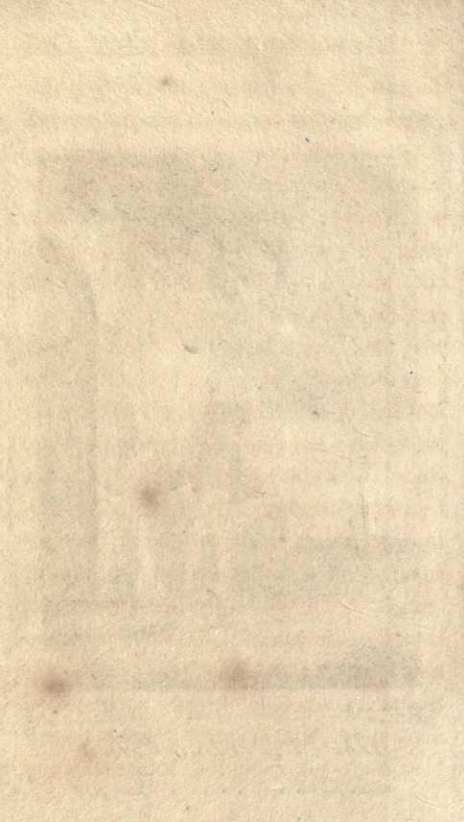
When Alexander found himself actually under weigh, he began to reflect seriously on what he had done ; but it was now too late to retract, and some weeks elapsed ere he found an oppor-



The Discontented Boy.

page 226.

London, Pub^d by Harvey & Darton, 27th Dec^r. 1824.



tunity, by another ship, of sending intelligence to his parents.

The anxiety they had endured on his account was indeed great: it had nearly cost his poor mother her life; and many a bitter tear did they still continue to shed, for their disobedient and discontented child.

Meanwhile Alexander was far from enjoying his change. The motion of the ship was become completely wearisome to him, and the provisions were such as to make him often sigh for those he had disdained at school. But there was no alternative—no back-door to run out at—no boys of whom he could purchase cakes or pies; and hunger soon compelled him to make a hearty meal of salt-beef and biscuit.

Absent from all he had ever loved, a stranger and solitary amongst numbers, he began to repent of his unfeeling

behaviour to his parents, of the comforts he had despised, and the blessings he had forsaken. He found that unless he was civil to others, he could not expect to be treated civilly in return. He thought how much better he had been off than thousands of his fellow-creatures, and he reflected on himself, as ungrateful and base. "But it is not too late to amend," he said, "and I will try to alter." Nor did his good resolutions vanish. He no longer performed his duty in sullen silence, but endeavoured to convince his superiors of his willingness to obey and please. His conduct won the notice of an officer, who enquired into his history; and, learning the whole of his adventures, gave him that counsel and advice that were so necessary to him, and on landing at the place of their destination, obtained

for him an employment till the ship should return to England.

Alexander, during this time, behaved with such propriety as to obtain a testimonial of esteem from his masters; and when, at last, he regained his now dear home, he made amends, by his stability and rectitude, for the pain he had once inflicted on his friends.

THE END.

for him an employment in the city
which would be to his advantage.

Accordingly during this time he

was with great industry to obtain a

number of letters from his friends; and

when at last he regained the new

home, he made himself by his

and friends, for the first time

in his life, a member of the

family of his friends.

He was now a member of the

family of his friends.

He was now a member of the

family of his friends.

He was now a member of the

family of his friends.

He was now a member of the

family of his friends.

He was now a member of the

family of his friends.

He was now a member of the

family of his friends.

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